





THE
LAW-SUIT:
OR THE
FARMER
AND
FISHERMAN.
A POEM.

In which is contained,

The Polite Speech of the CHAIRMAN of
a Bench of Justices at a Country Quarter-
Sessions, and the various Artifices made
use of in the several Courts of Judicature.

Wrote for the Benefit of unhappy Clients, and hum-
bly inscribed to the Gentlemen of the Faculty.

James Barber.

— *Sit sine Lite Dies.* Mart.

LONDON:

Printed for G. SPAVAN, next Door to the *Feathers*
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sold at the Pamphlet-Shops of London and Westminster. 1738.
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THE

P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem owes its Birth
to a Sign lately hung up at *Am-
sterdam, which has given no small Plea-
sure to the Curious.

We are not enquiring whether the
Dutchman was a real Sufferer, or whe-
ther the Representation was a sally of
that Satyrick Humour which is so often
seen in Dutch Paintings : But this is
very certain ; that if all Englishmen,
who have been undone by Law, were to
hang out Signs in Imitation of the Hol-

* In Amsterdam there is a Sign of the Naked-Man, the reverse
of which is a Ragged-one with a Scroll in his Hand, to shew that
he has been at Law and cast his Antagonist.

lander

The P R E F A C E.

lander, we should see one at almost every Door, and in lieu of Emblematick Figures, they would be obliged to write long and Voluminous Histories.

In Holland a Lawyer's Fee seldom exceeds a Skilling, which may be equal to Seven Pence of our Money; in England, nothing less than Gold can please. In Holland, it is uncommon to see above one Counsel of a Side; with us there are Squadrons, as if Right was to be determined by Numbers. In Holland Suits rarely continue above a few Months; in England they are generally as long liv'd as the Clients, and very often entail'd.

The Author having suffer'd much by the several Tribes of the Law, owns that he has ardently wished for some kind opportunity of discharging his Gall upon those Vulturs: Nor can he conclude with any thing more apropos, than the following ingenious Lines, wrote some Years ago upon the Figure of a Negro,
in

The P R E F A C E.

in one of the Inns of Chancery, who is supposed by the Poet to have fled from the Cannibals, and to have been thrown by ill Fortune among the Lawyers, where he is placed upon a Pedestal in a mournful Attitude.*

In vain poor sable Son of Woe,
Thou seek'st a tender Ear;
In vain thy Eyes with anguish flow,
For Mercy dwells not here.

In vain from Cannibals thou'rt fled,
Lawyers worse Quarters give ;
'Tis true they'll eat you up when dead,
But these will do't alive.

* Clement's Inn.



T H E

The Preface

in one of the lines of Cyprianic, who in
the first word of the first line of his
second book uses the word *pro* instead of *qui*, and
thus *pro* becomes *qui*, and *qui* becomes *pro*.
In the first line of the second book he
uses *qui* instead of *pro*.

Thus it is.

In this book of Woe
I can see, if I desire, that
in this life there will always be
for Me such a fellow as Peter,
in this form Cyprianic, if he
desires me; for he is a good man;
I am sure they will not say so
but they will say so.

Cyprianic.



THE



THE
FARMER
AND
FISHERMAN.

SINCE Right and Wrong, the
stated Case,
Amongst the Noble and the Base,
Does with its *Dædalean* Wile,
Our learned Sons of Law beguile;

B

Whose

Whose Labyrinth to wander through
Requires *Ariadne's* Clue ;
The untrack'd Paths to Trav'lers show
Like *Alpine* Mountains cloath'd with Saow :
Not less unsafe the thorny Way
Of those who *Afric's* Thickets stray ;
Since kind *Astrea's* from us flown,
Triumphant to her blissful Throne ;
And left below us Humane Elves
To cut and shuffle for ourselves ;
Hence Justice is as hard to gain,
As Nor-West Passage o'er the Main.
Instead of which (O dire Disgrace!)
A Fiend call'd Mammon takes her Place ;
And rules with a Despotic Care,
The bribed Wranglers of the Bar :
The Hag in ev'ry Pledger reigns,
And spurs them on with Hopes of Gains :

The

The Golden Charm has banish'd hence
That antiquated Word—*Conscience*.
And as the Fiend in Paradise
With Golden Fee did *Eve* intice,
So here the pleading Crew adore her,
From Scarlet Gown to Pettifogger:
Who, richly fee'd, will prove it plain
That Right is Wrong, then Right again.
No Cause so bad, but well-tim'd Pence
Will prove as clear as Innocence.
This whets the Council's Wit t' indite
The Plaintiff or Defendant's Right.
For this pack'd Juries all agree
In wilful corrupt Perjury;
And tho' the Cry is *God and King*,
The Meaning's quite another Thing:
That *Pauper* sure his Cause must lose,
Whom honest *Midas* does oppose.

4 · The Farmer and Fisherman.

Strange that the Laws shou'd countenance
What's opposite so much to Sense!

Or what shou'd be the Nation's Good
Be thus quite contrary understood!

Hold Sir! 'tis you mistake the Text,

See these ten Pieces — *currat Lex*:

A Hundred more, my Lord, and then

Fifty to clear the Jury-Men,

These just Proceedings never mist,

To gain a Cause — *probatum est*.

To what Intention, or what End?

You cry does all this Prologue tend?

What farther 'tis I have to show,

Have Patience Friend, and you shall know.

Where

The Farmer and Fisherman. 5

Where the clear *Skell in wanton play,
Through bubling Pebbles winds her way ;
Upon whose Banks with Herbage green,
The fair † Ridoginum is seen,
Piscator dwelt, a homely Cott,
With Mud, and Reads, and Thatch patch'd up,
His Spouse and him, and Bears contain,
(A poor Retreat from Wind and Rain)
Here with Content the homely Pair,
Enjoy'd the Fruits of constant Care ;
He as in Season best thought good,
Caught the Inhabitants o'th' Flood :
Sometimes with trembling Rod and Line,
With Bait delusive Angleing ;
The speckel'd Trout he wou'd ensnare,
Drag'd to his Fate by single Hair :

* The Name of a small River in *Yorkshire*.

† *Rid* on in *Yorkshire* formerly so call'd.

The

The Farmer and Fisherman.

The various Seasons well he knew,
And at all Times, what Bait wou'd do;
None e'er like him cou'd dubb the Fly,
So like, with nature 'twou'd outvye ;
The Scaly Captives never knew
The counterfeited from the true :
Nor did the *Promethean* Art,
So near to Life her Skill impart ;
But when wet *Auster's* madid wing
From weeping Clouds did Showers bring,
And the swell'd Stream her Banks o'er-ran
With recent waters not her own ;
With stronger Line, and Worm on Hook,
He'd snare the Straglers of the Brook :
Or spear the Salmon i'th' mid-way,
Steering her rapid Course to th' Sea :
Or else with large spacious Net,
Across the rapid Flood being set,

In

In hempen Durance close confin'd
Whole Shoals of scaly Captives bind.
So great the Draught, his loaden Boat,
Scarce with the Burden oft cou'd float;
Which at the Market sold, the Gains
Well paid *Piscator* for his Pains;
Nor idle was his wife, whilst he
Was drudging in his Fishery,
She Daily did her Toil renew
In mending Nets, or making new;
By her the well twist Lines were made,
Expert in all her Spouse's Trade.
Thus with Content the Man and Wife,
Enjoy'd the common Goods of Life;
Nor envy'd in their happy State,
The glaring Grandeur of the Great:
To Lord o'th' Mannor Quarterly,
(Of whom he farm'd the Fishery)

Five Pounds of Money true and good,

(For catching of the Fishy brood)

He paid; for which the Tenant's treat,

A Cup of Ale, and a Receipt,

The Steward freely did afford,

My Landlord's Health--God bless my Lord.

Just opposite on t'other Side,

Close where the Silver Streams do glide;

Old Farmer Hob's House was seen,

The only Cott upon the Green;

Faustus and Devil ne'er were greater

Than honest Farmer and Piscator,

In Friendship's Bands they close were join'd,

And, altho' Neighbours, had one Mind;

No Party Rage dissolv'd the Tye

Of Friendships Knot, from Unity:

But when the Chariot of the Sun

Around our Hemisphere had run,

And

And left the Empire of the Day,
To cool his fiery Beams i'th' Sea,
Our Friends each other would regale,
With pleasing Chat and home-brew'd Ale,
Not the fam'd * *Græcian* Friends of old,
Of whom so many Tales are told,
More loving were, to each so dear,
In honest Friendship most sincere:
So great their Friendship 'tis recited
Their very Wives were close united.

But see the Fate of Human Bliss!
No certain Date there is to this,
As by experience oft we find,
The Mind as wavering as the Wind.
The Sun that now bright glas'd the Main,
Conceals his Head to Wind and Rain.

* *Damon and Pythias*.

And where the Stillest Calm before,
 Loud Tempests rage, and Billows roar.
 Nay if we look the World around,
 No certain Peace is lasting found.
 This Maxim's taught by *Judah's King*,
 And sure he understood the Thing.

Truce with Reflections, old and Stale,
 Resume thy Song, and end thy Tale.

When Scorching § *Sirius* sickly Head
 O'er all its baleful influence spread,
 Whose sultry Heat in all was seen,
 T'have drank the Verdure of the Green ;
 The sickning Flowers, and Grass around,
 Had droop'd their Sun-burnt Heads to th'

Ground :

§ The Dog Star.

End

And

The Farmer and Fisherman. 11

And the clear Stream almost decay'd,
By Beams obforbing shallow made.

Fislator cross the Brook had set

The Salmons Ginn, his Captive Net.
With Cork buoy'd up, oblig'd to Swim
On Surface of the Water's brim ;
With pondrous Lead the Bottom bound,
Confin'd it to the oufy Ground.

Lo thus with Art Securely Set,
To catch all Fish that comes to Net.

But whether it did so or no
Have patience Friend, and thou shalt know.

Now *Phæbus* in his sultry Way,
Darted his hot Meridian ray.
Hob's Cow who on the other side,
Had graz'd the wither'd Grass, Sun-dryd;

12 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Whether allur'd by Herbage green,
Which on the distant Bank was seen ;
Or parch'd with thirst, || *Brock* thought it
good,

To jump into the cooling Flood.

First drinks her fill, then tries to pass,
To taste the Lux'ry of fresh Grafs.
Pleased with the view she stems the Tide
With hasty Strokes to th' other Side;

But O dire Fate ! How oft in vain
Do we our flatter'd hopes maintain,
How often are our Wishes crost !

In that which we desire most.

Brock having gain'd the wish'd-for Side,
With Heart elate the Pasture spy'd;
|| The Name of the Cow.

Then

Then tries to land, th' impeding Net,
And Cords, about her Body get;
And as she tries to make the Shore,
Th' Imbrace ill natur'd Plung'd her o'er
Into the Flood; again she tries,
To break the Bands, and strives to rise;
The more she tries at large to get,
The more she's tangel'd in the Net,
She plung'd, and foam'd, and tore and kick'd,
Thus of her dearest hopes being nick'd,
Curs'd Fate says she, to see the Treat!
And be deny'd the Means to eat:
Why are my hopes thus Tantaliz'd?
With that she strove again to rise.
But all in vain, th' Impeding Line,
Reluctant to her wish'd design,
With strongest Band detains her fast,
And kept her from the wish'd repast.

At

14 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

At last quite tir'd, with fruitless pain,
No hopes the promis'd Land to gain ;
She made the Neigbouring Vallies ring,
From troubled Breast loud bellowing.

So fares it with th' aspiring Blades,
Who brisk it in St. James's Shades ;
Who leave paternal Grounds, and Mansion,
To seek at C—rt a Place, or Pension ;
Which when they think is just at Hand,
Like promises in Fairy Land ;
And tho' they strive to swim t' attain,
Shews that their Labour's all in vain :
The Spectre Hope to them does show,
Like verdant Meadow to our Cow ;
Th' impeding Net denies the Power
Of reaching to the wish'd for Shoar ;

At last quite tir'd with fruitless Pain,
Deny'd the long expected gain;
Their Labour paid with nought but troubl
They learn Ambition's but a Bubble;
And that content more Bliss bestows
Than Courtiers promises or vows.

Excuse my Friend far from my Song,
That I to this Digression run.

{ Piscator heard th' ill boding Low,
And well he knew his Neighbour's Cow.
He thought that Brockby some foul play,
Might mired be in Bog or clay,
If such the Case, he made no doubt,
With might and main to pull her out.
So eagerly he flies to know,
Whether it was so or no.

At

At last he arrives ; who can express
The Tortures that posses'd his Breast,
When that he saw the plunging Beast,
Lay in his tatter'd Net opprest,
Mute, motionless at first he Stood,
Horror, Surprize, benumb'd his Blood,
Fretting he raves with angry Brow,
First curs'd his Fate, then damns the Cow.
Cou'd ever honest Fisher-man,
From *Beersheba* e'en down to *Dan*,
Shew such curs'd Fortune as I can.
Oh most unhappy ! most forlorn !
My Nets in Thousand Peices torn,
So rent, that through it a huge Whale,
As soon may pass as smallest Eel,
Besides who knows what store of Trout
And Salmon this damn'd Job's let out ?

I'll Satisfaction have or die,
Or else I'll know the Reason why ;
But first I think it not unfit,
To help the Beast out of the Net :
And bring her Home to Neighbour *Hob*
And well acquaint him with this Job.

This said, he went and brought his Boat,
And close to *Brock* did gently float ;
Then with much Pains and straining hard,
The Cow and Net he got on Board,
Strait down the Stream to *Hobs's* Farm,
He steers, t'acquaint him of the Harm,
Ho Neighbour --- Neighbour ! what are ye
dead ?
Are all these Volks a gadding fled ?
No one at home, to look to th' house,
Nor *Hob*, nor Bearns, nor loving Spouse ;

By th' Mess I sware 'tis wondrous odd,
I never knew the like 'fore God.

Piscator bawling loud did roar,
Until his Throat was almost sore.

Hob, who that Moment, as they tell ye,
With Pudding filling was his Belly,
At first was deaf, and did not mind
What 'twas his Neighbour wanted kind.

But now he hears *Piscator's Voice*,
And well convinced who it was,
From Beef and Pudding much in Favour,
He flies to complement his Neighbour.

How fares my honest Friend, he said?
What Luck attends the Fishing Trade?

Excellent well, replies *Piscator*,
No Fisherman had ever better;
This very Day I'll tell you how
In Salmon Net I caught a Cow.

A Cow, says *Hob*, strange I confess!
You caught a Cow! Lord, Friend, you jest.

Whether I tell a, Fallacy,
Step to my Boat and you shall see,
Piscator said,

Thus urg'd, the Farmer went to view
This Prodigy, so strange and new.
But when arriv'd his Wonderment
Was larger yet, when closely pent
In Net involv'd, he saw that how
Securely fetter'd was his Cow.

This is my Beast, says he, that I
 From Calf rear'd in my Family :
 Poor *Brock* ! let's free her from these Bands
 I take this kindly at your Hands.
 I'm glad I've found her ; by my Life,
 I would as soon have lost my Wife.

That well may be, replies *Piscator*,
 To me belongs another Matter ;
 Large Damages for Net you owe,
 And Tackling broken by your Cow :
 As such I make my just Demand,
 And will be paid now out of Hand :
 If you deny I'll force you to it,
 And with an Action make you rue it.

No Threatning, says the Farmer, Friend,
 In what will all this blust'ring end ?

The Farmer and Fisherman. 21

By what Authority posses'd,
Had you in Net to catch my Beast :
And if that she plung'd heartily,
From unjust Durance to get free,
E'en thank yourself, no Law allows
Your Net to catch your Neighbour's Cows.
Pray take your Action, go to Law ;
For that I value not a Straw :
Nor do I fear at all to suffer
By such a *Braggadocio* Huffer.

Huffer, replies the other, Ha !
Am I a Huffer do you say ?
Did not I fear the Law's keen Sword,
I'd down thy false Throat ram that Word ;
I'd pull your Heart out, break your Jaws,
And give your Flesh to Crows and Daws.

Have

Have Patience, Friend, the Farmer said,
 Of Words so foul I'm not afraid.
 Pray do your worst, I value not
 The Vapour of a Fool so hot,
 E'en go to Law, I prithee do,
 And see who first the Cause will rue.
 But first my Property I claim,
 And, if you dare, retard the same ;
 Give me my Cow, I'll drive her home,
 A Fig for all the Costs to come.

Take her, enrag'd *Piscator* said,
 But by St. Peter I'll be paid
 For all the Damages that's due,
 And Hell confound your Cow and you.
 This said they parted, *Hob* t' his Farm ;
 The Fisherman, with anger warm,

To

To Counsel goes, and tells him how
His Net was torn by Hob's Cow;
Relates th' affair that did attend,
From the beginning to the End.
But that his Counsel might be true,
He tipp'd the Golden fee, as due.

Take, says the Lawyer, this from me,
Your Case is plain as A, B, C.
As sure as Net did e'er catch Fish,
Your Cause is good as heart can wish.
Was it my Case—I'll say no more,
I'd make him pay me o'er and o'er:
Not all his Cows and Sheep to boot,
Should fee me to make up the Suit.
At Quarter-Sessions first indite,
And see if that will set you right:

24 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

If not, remove it to th' Assizes,
And have it try'd at * *Hizi Prizes* :
There back and edge I'll be your friend,
And pack the Jury to that End.

Nay, what is more, to make it clear,
I'll whisper's L—ship in the Ear.

During my Practice, Years now thirty,
I've serv'd my Clients true and hearty.
We'll ring the Scoundrel such a Peal,
Shall make him wish himself at Hell.
The Court a Verdict will allow,
For Laceration made by Cow :
And Costs, no doubt, be given you,
To pay your old Net with a new.
You say you farm the Fishery,
And Rent when due pay Quarterly ;

* A Corruption of Law Latin, which is *Nisi Prisus*.

Who dares then offer to intrude
To hurt your Nets? The Villain rude
As well feloniously might steal his w^t T
The Fish you catch within your Wheel. T
And tho' he'll plead he didn't molest,
But 'twas his Cow—tis all a Jest, }
The Man must answer for his Beast.

First, in two Actions we will sue,
For Damages and Trespass too ;
Either allow this Usage base,
Or rather Man-like try the Case.
So says the Law—now Sir do you
Just what your Fancy leads you to;
What, put it up! replies Piscator?
Tho' than Sir Robert he was greater,
Of this if e'er I mean or think,
Pray Jove my Fishing-boat may sink:
My Line ne'er hold the struggling Trout,
Nor Rod have strength to pull her out.

26 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

The Favour that I beg of you,
Is, Sir, that you'd my Right pursue:
Try all the Law's Artillery,
That I be righted speedily:
So, Sir, your Servant—when you send,
Your Slave will certainly attend.

Well pleas'd *Piscator* trudges home,
And wishes the long Sessions come.

The Time arrives: Behold a Crew
Of Country Justices in View:
The clumsy Bench on which they sat,
Groan'd with the Leaden Load of Fat;
Here Equity dispensed is
By Booby *Ignoramus's*;
And the Law Riddles are decreed
By Wights who scarce can write or read.

Strange!

Strange ! that a Science intricate,
For learned Rabbi's to debate,
Should thus at pleasure be thump'd down
By an illit'rate Country Clown,
Who leaps o'er Law with as much Ease,
As Rooks can fly o'er Tops of Trees.
As Judge supreme a Clown prevails,
Who ne'er read *Littleton* or *Hales.*

Here Justice stands in Effigy,
Quite the Reverse of what shou'd be;
In her Right Hand erect there stood
A Mimic Sword, with Edge of Wood;
Her Left contain'd th' unequal Scale,
Over whose Balance did prevail
A Lump of Lead; an Emblem small
Of the nice Judgment of the Hall.

28. *The Farmer and Fisherman*

Before this learned Tribunal and I ought
Piscator did his Neighbour call; he riseth not
And there his Counsel did relate
The whole affair of Cow and Net;
And magnifies with verbal Grace,
The Justice of his Client's Case.
But Farmer Hob with wiser ken,
Had tamper'd with the Jury-men;
Nay, what is more, to make him sure,
A Pig the Chairman did secure.
Thus having see'd he never doubted
To have his Enemy nonsuited.

The Counsel having justly shown
Piscator's Case, as if his own,
And mov'd the Court most learnedly,
To shew his Client Equity:

Before

Each

Each Party too examin'd was,
To know the Merits of the Cause:
The Rustick Jury all around,
With prick'd-up ears, and heads profound;
Being fully told the Manner how
In Net was caught the Farmer's Cow;
Up rose the Judge from Chair of State,
In which his clumsy Carcass late,
Being wondrous honest, wondrous wife,
Thus spake, to ope the Jury's Eyes.

You, Gentlemen, here of the Jury,
The Case is plain I do assure ye,
To you belongs to make an end on't,
Betwixt the Plaintiff and Defendant.
Piscator caught the Farmer's Cow;
All this and more we do allow:

The

30. *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

The captive Beast she broke the Net,
This makes the Case the better yet :
Our next Enquiry, without doubt,
Must be, how all this came about ?
Why honest *Brock* (as both do say)
Was going (as her usual Way)
To drink, the Beast was innocent,
No doubt, of any wrong intent :
And by Mis-hap (through no Design)
She got within this Fisher's Line.
Now Reason tells us that no Act
Can be accounted vile or black,
That is not in * intention so,
And this experience oft does show,
But put the Case, suppose that we
Were bathing in this Fishery ;

* *Ubi Intentio est bona, Alio non est mala*. *has said H.A.*

and T

And

And this same Fellow's Net shou'd dare
To catch and drown us in her Snare,
Wou'd not your Children or your Wife
Arraign the Villain for his Life?
No Judge or Jury, but hereafter
Wou'd find it Murder or Manslaughter;
He shou'd have set a Watch t'his Net,
That in it none but Fishes get.
Had he this Caution us'd, but now
He ne'er had caught his Neighbour's Cow.
All this I think is a plain Case,
As 'tis to prove the Nose on Face;
Therefore I think 'tis nought but Right
That you your Heads shou'd all unite,
And give your Verdict to this Job,
Men just and true for Neighbour Hob.
Thus spoke the Judge; then down he set,
The Cushions groan'd beneath his Weight.

This

The Jury in a little Time,
In one Opinion quickly chime,
And as their Tutor told, their Choice is,
All for Defendant give their Voices :
This wondrous Piece of Justice done,
The Court adjourn'd to dine at ^{the} Sun.

Enrag'd Piscator rav'd, and swore
Was honest Man so us'd before?
And as the Devil ne'er is still,
He urg'd him on to future ill.
Next Morn with Heart full Discontent,
For Council, he to Lites went;
Relates th'Affair, and begs to know,
If he had Justice done, or no.
Justice my Friend the Lawyer said!
(Don't of your Cause be ought afraid)
† The Sun Tavern.

This

This Usage is as far from Justice,

As Honesty is oft' from Trustees.

Your Cause has baffled been by *Nizes*,

Remove it to the next Assizes.

You'll win it there (take my Advice)

Or else the D---l's in the Dice,

And say you so! then without Doubt,

'Fore *George* I'll have the other Bout,

Piscator said : Pray Sir agree

T'accept this Guinea for your Fee,

And if you'll manage right my Cause

That I have justice from the Laws ;

What farther 'tis that you demand,

I'll freely pay you out of hand.

Well Sir, at Assizes never fear

I'll do your Business to a Hair.

Behold the wish'd Assizes come,
Piscator trudg'd t' *Eboracum.

Whilst Farmer *Hob*, on Wall-Ey'd Mare

Rode gallant (as to †Fortnight Fair)

And that the Cause might just be try'd,

Each Counsel had on either Side ;

Lo here the grand Tribunal set,

The Cause is heard of Cow and Net.

How learn'd the Harrangue of Council
pleading,

With a Detail of the Proceeding :

In Dalton learned might appear,

But shall be pass'd in Silence here :

To me it never did belong

To tire my Friend to grace my Song.

* York.

† In York there is a Fair for Beast every Fortnight.

Boyle

In

In short the Court gave Verdict true
Five Pounds for Damages, as due
To Plaintiff Fisherman 'gainst Hob
Defendant, to make up this Job.

See here a diff'rent change we find,
And justice wavering like the Wind :
Whilst pleas'd *Piscator* bless'd the Laws,
Thrice happy now he's won his Cause.

What's to be done the Farmer cry'd ?
Another Batt'ry must be try'd.
Did I then at the Sessions Lete
Conquer, at 'Sizes to be beat ?
Pray why shou'd not his Squire's worship
Know as good Law, as does his Lordship ?
If possible I'll see it out,
I'd give a Cow for t'other Bout ; }

36 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Advice I'll have that's poz, and try it,
If Cows or Sheep, or ought can buy it.

This said, to Counsel strait he went,
And told him all his whole Intent,
The Man of Law with serious Look,
(Thought him a *Gudgeon* for his Hook)
Says, Friend, your Case is intricate,
And does require Study great ;
Pray come to-Morrow, in mean while
I'll read upon your Case a while :
The Morrow comes, the Farmer waits
For Entiance at the Lawyer's Gates.
Admittance gain'd---Well Sir says he
You know—with that *Hob* tipt the Fee,
You know, I mean where one's deny'd,
Another Project must be try'd,

Advice

From

From hence this Inference arises,
As you've been cast at the Assizes,
My counsel is, if right you love,
You move it to the Courts above.
There if your Case be ne'er so bad,
Good store of Vouchers may be had,
Who for a Fee will swear it true,
That Blue is Green, that Green is Blue.
And if I've any Skill in Fees,
You'll want such Witnesses as these.

Sir, says the Farmer, Right or Wrong,
To me it nothing does belong ;
Gain but my Cause and all is well,
If I employ the Devil in Hell.
I'll sell my flock tho' great reputed,
Sooner than be again Nonsuited
Well

Well says the Lawyer be at ease,
Your Cause I'll move to *Common Pleas*.
There never fear next Term the Jury
Will vote on your Side I'll assure Ye,

Hob at this good Advice well pleas'd,
Went Home and set his Heart at ease,
Fully resolv'd, what wou'd betide,
To *London* Town next Term to ride.

Whilst their two Lawyers with great care
Prepare their Bills for *Westmister*,

Now each had from his Calendar,
Learn'd the ensuing Term was near,
The Litigants prepare for War,
And Journey to the Noisy Bar.

Here Gothic Buildings do support,
The formidable Hall and Court.

Of

OF COMMON PLEAS, a Fabric's rear'd,
By Lawyers lov'd, by Clients fear'd.

Here Fools and Knaves each Term repair,
Thin'd with the Diet of Dispair.

Beneath a Hill of Briefs, and Scrolls,
Here ev'ry Morn a Fury howls.

Vain are the Tears, the Orphans cries.
To th' Monster void of Ears, and Eyes.

Call'd CHICANRY, in Modern Stile,
With ruin great, o'ergrown with Spoil,
Pale Want and Famine, like some Ghoul,
Stalk here, and weep the Treasure lost;
Infamous Poverty, and Care,
And endless Toil, and lean Dispair,
With black Chagrin, compleat the Part;
The wretched Offspring's of her Art!
Cafe-Books and Codes the Hag consume,
And Dies to dig another's Tomb :

At

At ev'ry Meal the Fury eats

Fair Palaces and Country Seats.

The bubbled Suiters oft repine,

Gull'd with superfluous Reams for coin.

As oft as Justice turns her Scales,

So oft her Influence prevails:

From Trick to Trick she frequent runs,

And like an Owl the Day Light shuns.

Now Lion like lashing his Sides,

She stalks with frightful fiery Eyes:

Now like a Snake through th' Herbage glides,

The justest Monarch long in vain

Has strove this *Proteus* to restrain,

Her Claws by *Tart* clipt in strength,

With Ink imbru'd, increase in Length.

Ramparts and Dikes of Law, her Foes,

In vain the Invasion do oppose.

With

The Farmer and Fisherman. 41

With creeping Guile she saps the Ground,
Or with high Torrents breaks the Mound.

Thro' various Paths oblique they Draw,
To the fell Market of the Law.
At length they reach the noted Hall,
Where Mercenary Tongues do bawl,
Like Priest in black each Lawyer plies,
And Client serves for Sacrifice.

The Court being gain'd the Judges set,
The Cause is heard of Cow and Net.
But Hob as he was tutor'd to,
Hibernian Witnesses had two,
Who swore *Piscator* with design
The Farmer's Cow drove to his Line;
The Day, the Month, they tell, and how,
All this was done to catch the Cow.

42 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

The Law allows it ever was
Two Witnesses to gain a Cause:
The Evidences being plain,
Now nought but Sentence did remain,
To Farmer Hob, for abuse of Cow,
Large Costs and Damages they allow.
Thus Perjury with Fraud display'd,
Gull'd *Themis in the Laws she made.

The Fisherman the Tryal o'er
Like Mad-Man rav'd, and curs'd and swore,
Damns all the Law as Villany,
In countenancing Perjury.

What's to be done he cries, this Job
Has melted all my Gold in Fob;

* The Goddess of Justice

I've not a Soule to pay my Suit,
Must sell my Nets and Boat to boot.
Sooner than I'll give out I'll die,
I'll try it next in EQUITY.
Down to the Country soon he writ,
And sold his Tackle, Boat and Net ;
The Coin return'd, he strait does fly
To seek Redress from Chancery.
The Farmer who had heard with Pain
The Cause was to be try'd again,
Fully resolv'd to see it out,
What e'er it cost him for the Bout ;
Wrote to the North to loving Spouse,
To sell his Sheep, his Corn and Cows.
Long here, and at Expences great,
From Term to Term they baffled wait ;
At length their Money being spent,
Their Hearts opprest with discontent,

44 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

A Hearing's gain'd ; the Case is stated
Of Cow and Net, before related.
Lord Chancellor this Gorgon Knot
With wond'rous Ease asunder cut :
And tho' the *Proteus* for a while
Did Justice from her Right beguile,
Yet here his Lordship justly draws
The Merits of the injur'd Cause,
And justly gives his high Decree
To ease *Piscator*'s misery,
That Farmer *Hob* should pay the Debt,
For breaking of his injur'd Net
With the whole Costs of all the Suit,
And Journey up to Town to boot.)

Where can the wretched Farmer fly
T'avoid the ensuing Misery ;

In

In Law his Coin was spent before,
Nor knows he where to draw for more;
For want of Friends to give in Bail,
He's sent directly into Jail.
Lo here to want and misery !
No distant Hopes of getting free,
Naked, confin'd to Bed of Straw,
He mourns his fate, and damns the Law.

Honest *Piscator* Pennyless,
With not a Crofs his Soul to blesſ,
His home-spun Coat in Tatters worn,
With Holes in Shoes and Stockings torn ;
His Galligaskins (new last Fair)
Let in the cold and chilling Air ;
With twenty Holes in torn Chapeau,
True Emblems of litigious woe ;

Trudges

26 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Trudges it down with Staff in hand,
With famish'd Eyes, to th' Northern-Land;
In his Left Hand he holds a Scroll,
On which of Damages the Whole,
In Letters large his Council draws,
To shew you that he's won his Cause.



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